

# The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1866.

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## REVIEWS.

*The Favorite Airs from Meyerbeer's new opera, "L'Africaine," arranged for the pianoforte, as solos and duets—by WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT. (CHAPPELL AND Co.—BOOSEY AND Co.)*

We have here, in a compendious shape, nearly all the choicest melodies from an opera as luxuriant in tune as any opera that bears the name of Meyerbeer. For amateur pianists, who have no leisure to make themselves acquainted with the complete work, this collection of many of its most salient parts—the plums, as it were, picked out of the pudding—will be most acceptable. The solo and duet arrangements are equally well adapted for the purpose, being comparatively easy to play. Mr. Callcott has evinced his accustomed boldness in curtailing and transposing, where to curtail and to transpose seemed to him advisable, and has so studiously compressed the orchestral accompaniments that each successive piece becomes more or less of a "song without words," the chief objection to which is its extreme brevity. The only fault we think it necessary to point out occurs in Book 2, where Mr. Callcott has taken the liberty to "harmonise" the celebrated unison interlude for the last scene; and this he has done in a very peculiar style, as for example (bars 3, 4, 5, 6, 7):—



And again for example (bars 11, 12, 13, 14, 15):—



We grieve to say it, but nothing could be worse. Let this one page, however, be put aside, and the rest may be fairly recommended to dilettanti performers on the piano.

*Overture to the opera, "L'Africaine," for the pianoforte—by G. MEYERBEER. (BOOSEY AND Co.—CHAPPELL AND Co.)*

This is the foreign arrangement of the introduction (it can scarcely be called an overture) to the first scene. Nothing could be better.

*Two Grand Marches from the "Africaine." (Same publishers.)*

Here, again, we have the foreign arrangements of the characteristic and splendidly worked out *Marche Indienne*, and the more

solemn but not less admirable *Marche Religieuse*, both as original as anything by Meyerbeer. Nothing more effective than these arrangements could possibly be desired. They appeal, moreover, to a somewhat more advanced style of playing than the "favorite airs" of Mr. Callcott, and not their least recommendation is that (allowing for the omission of the coda in the first) they appear precisely as they stand in the score, not a bar being omitted from either march. One or two engraver's errors, however, are worth setting right in the next edition.

*Marche Indienne ("L'Africaine"), transcribed pour piano—BRINLEY RICHARDS. Melodie symphonique (ibid), arrangée pour piano (ibid).*

*Fantaisie sur l'opera, "L'Africaine."—RENÉ FAVARGER.*

*Grand Fantasia on Meyerbeer's opera, "L'Africaine."—Madame OURY.*

*Inez's Song, "Del Tago sponde addio" (L'Africaine), transcribed for the piano—by GEORGE FORBES.*

*Beauties of the "Africaine," two fantasias for the pianoforte—by W. KUHE.*

(Same publishers.)

A new opera, without passing through the hands of some of our popular pianoforte "transcribers," can hardly be said to have accomplished all that is expected of it. The fantasias before us are as good as such things generally turn out. Mr. Brinley Richards, in his first essay, has worked upon the coda (*"Entrée des Guerriers"*) of the *Marche Indienne* (omitted elsewhere), and has made on the whole a piece as spirited as it is brief. In his second he has fantasied the unison prelude (why "*mélodie symphonique*?") effectively enough—prefacing it with an introduction, of which a snatch from the Manchineel scene is a feature; transposing it into E flat; harmonising it where convenient, after his own fashion, where inconvenient leaving it in unison; and interpolating arpeggios, up and down, à la Thalberg, sparingly, but in the right place. The *fantaisie* of M. Favarger is a *potpourri* of which we can attempt no description. Among other things he has turned the famous unison phrase of the Inquisitors (*"Dieu que le monde révère"*) into a polonaise—three-four time instead of common. M. Favarger's pieces, however, have always the recommendation of being showy without being at all difficult to play; and the present instance forms no exception to the comfortable rule. Madame Oury, on the contrary, is not only always brilliant, but almost as invariably difficult. She writes for pianists of the first-class—"virtuosos," indeed, and the grand *fantasia* before us is one of the most spirited, graceful and effective that has ever proceeded from her pen. Mr. George Forbes has constructed a very neat and pleasing bagatelle out of the charming romance of Inez; and both the pieces of Herr Kuhe are excellent of their kind, grateful to play and useful to teach. But why "*Beauties*?"

Mr. TOM HOHLER, whose renown as a tenor singer is spreading far and wide, is the son of the Rev. F. W. Hohler, Rector of Winstone and of Colesborne, in this county, himself known to the musical world as the author of many popular songs, among which may be named the famous "Follow, follow, over mountain." As a Gloucestershire man, enumerating among his friends and acquaintances most of our county families, Mr. Tom Hohler will doubtless receive a warm welcome on the occasion of his visit to Cheltenham on the 21st instant, on which day he is announced to appear, with other celebrities, at a concert to be given at the Assembly Rooms. As a vocalist, Mr. Hohler stands at the head of his profession, and is destined to fill the place occupied by poor Giuglini. It may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn that Mr. Hohler held for some time an appointment in the Civil Service, which, however, he resigned on becoming Private Secretary to the Earl of Dudley, that well known musical-amateur and patron of art. At his instigation the young tenor proceeded to Italy, where he pursued his musical studies under the celebrated maestro Romani. Mr. Hohler has since sung in Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, ever gaining the greatest honour and renown, and on his return to England has, we are told, been engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, for the ensuing season. We wish our gifted countryman all the success possible, which, however, is insured by his merit, prospects, and connections, all of which are of the highest character.—*Cheltenham Times*.



## FELIX-MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.\*

I will commence with a few words describing the object and justifying the appearance of these pages. To present the world with a picture of the life and actions of a man, when he to whose memory it is dedicated has scarcely been taken from his earthly home, and while our grief at his loss, like a recent wound, is still bleeding, may strike one person as precipitate; a second, as impertinent; and a third, as evidencing want of feeling. But what is done by the painter or the sculptor, who fixes, by a sketch or a cast, the transfigured features of him who is just dead, in order to preserve for his contemporaries and for posterity the spiritual expression of a beloved face, may also be permitted to one who, in mind, and with the warmest affection, accompanied, step by step, during the greatest and most important part of his career, him we now mourn; who, in the case of most of his productions in the domain of art, was present, and frequently one of those who tried and executed them; who was fortunate enough to be often brought into personal contact with him; and who, for that very reason, while weeping by his deathbed, felt the more bitterly the immense loss the world had sustained. Many others are certainly in a similar position, and I will not question the right of a single individual among them to communicate and preserve for the benefit of his contemporaries his views and experience, though to several may be applied the words: "Many are called but few are chosen." Whoever feels the mission within him, let him fulfil it, as he certainly will fulfil it. But the author of these pages considered that he had, at least, such a mission: gratitude, solicitude, and early intimacy with the person to be described, encouraged him to take up the stilus for the purpose of at once producing a written memorial of the Deceased. The feeling of profound gratitude for so many hours of inspiration and pleasure due to the works as well as to the amiable individuality of the Master, he certainly shares, as far, at any rate, as gratitude is concerned, with countless numbers; but, perhaps, it is not given to everyone to express this gratitude, and any one doing so in the name of the many will satisfy a deeply felt want of their hearts. The author's anxiety urged him to haste, because he feared that, in an age so fond of writing as the present, a number of biographical sketches would be issued (as they certainly will be) and, far removed from original sources of information, would accept many fresh errors in addition to those already existing, a fact, among others, already pretty plainly proved by the incorrect date given, in Brockhaus's *Conversationslexicon*, of the Composer's birth, and copied by numerous writers. As one nearly connected with the composer, the author considered it, therefore, all the more incumbent on him to contribute his share towards correctly fixing the facts. It was the easier for him to fulfil this duty, because, in doing so, he was, as he is enabled with gratitude to state, assisted with oral and written information contributed by several of the most intimate friends and companions in art of the Deceased. Finally, also, his thorough acquaintance with the subject encouraged the author to publish a separate work. Four years ago, he sent to one of our most widely-circulated periodicals, though, it is true, without the slightest presentiment of the loss so soon to be sustained by the world, a long contribution towards the biography and character of the great artist. But this sketch appears to have escaped the notice of many of Mendelssohn's admirers and friends, only because, perhaps, they did not look for an article of the kind in the periodical in question. The author needs, therefore, simply to continue his edifice upon the ground then prepared, and does not scruple to repeat, even word for word, a great deal, because he does not see why he should now cast in another mould what, at that time, struck him as truthfully and pertinently put, and because the facts, as well as the written and verbal statements propagated by others concerning the composer when living, remain the same even though he is now gone.

The aim of these pages is, therefore, no other than to place in the light of grateful respect a true picture of the life and actions of the Deceased, in the light of that respect to which he was so justly entitled from all his contemporaries who knew him and his works. These pages bear the inscription: *A Memorial for his Friends*,

\* "A Memorial for His Friends." By W. A. LAMPADIUS. Translated expressly for *The Musical World* by J. V. BRIDGEMAN. (Reproduction interdicted).

because they are reminiscences emanating from the heart of a friend, and as such are intended to be received.

And so

"Nehmt denn hin, ihr schönen Seelen,"

(unfortunately I cannot, on this occasion, add

"Froh die Gaben seiner Kunst;" )

kindly accept, all of you, who loved so much to bask in the rays of his genius, the simple gift of a heart, which, like your own, beats warmly and sincerely for the kindly man and for the great artist; of a mind which so frequently derived, from the Master's magnificent works, the most welcome nourishment; strength in days of sorrow; and the noblest consecration of its own efforts and deeds. Could these lines place before your eyes, truly and vividly, the likeness of the great Deceased, the dearest wish of the author would be fulfilled.

At the death of a citizen who has deserved well of the common-weal, his native town and his native land mourn his loss; when a prince, who has been mindful of his sovereign duties, is gathered to his fathers, his people lament; but when a king in the realms of mind returns to the throne of eternal light, the genius of the age sadly lowers, to the earth its torch, while thousands and thousands of hearts, which glow for the Beautiful, tremble with profound grief; thousands and thousands of eyes, heavy with tears, gaze, with melancholy longing, after him who has departed. Such is the sorrow into which the early death of Felix Mendelssohn has plunged Germany, nay, the whole civilised globe, for with him the last classical spirit of the great epoch in the civilisation of Germania, has fled from its earthly tenement. But just as Providence blessed him while living, in as much as it left him no combat more, save that of the creative struggle, never self-satisfying, in his own breast, so is happiness with him and even with us, now, too, that he is dead. This is the case, not because he had attained the highest pinnacle of his fame, and thence soared into the land of the Blessed (for who would venture to assert that, even though that pinnacle had been attained, God could not have granted him the power of creating something even greater, something even more magnificent than his previous efforts), but because the time appears past, when Germany made no account of her great minds; when even a Beethoven, a Mozart, and a Schiller, lived in unknown indigence, so that not till after the lapse of generations, and even then not completely, was it possible to unfold to posterity the course of their life and the development of their powers. But Mendelssohn died upon an eminence where he could be seen by everyone; in the midst of loving friends, and of numerous admirers; in that city which possessed him longest within its walls, and loved him the most dearly; his life lies before us like an open book. Therefore, just as it is our mission to administer worthily the intellectual legacy he has bequeathed us, so is it for us a special and a sacred duty to present our contemporaries and posterity with a faithful picture of his life and deeds, and that is what will be attempted in the following pages.

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, son of Abraham Mendelssohn, a banker of repute, himself possessing a taste for art, and grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the great philosopher, first saw the light at Hamburgh, on the 3rd February, 1809, in the house, still standing after the great fire, behind St. Michael's Church, where, by a kindly dispensation of Providence, his true friend and old companion in art, Ferdinand David, was born a year later. He was the second of four children: Fanny, the eldest; then himself; then a brother, Paul; and then another sister, Rebecca. His mother, formerly Fräulein Bartholdy, was a distinguished woman, watching with intelligent love, the development of the boy, who, in consequence, remained attached with the greatest tenderness to her, as well as to his father, until the end of their lives. When he reached his third or fourth year, the family went to settle in Berlin. Under the fortunate star, which never, from his birth upwards, allowed him to come into contact with what was common and ordinary in life, the boy's wonderful talent was soon developed and matured. As early as in his eighth year, he played the piano with astonishing ease, and just as soon did he exhibit that delicate sense for musical criticism, the lynx's eye, as Zelter calls it, by the aid of which "he discovered, one after the other, in the score of a magnificent Concerto by Sebastian Bach, six pure fifths, which he" (Zelter) "would, perhaps, never have found out," and that mar-

vellously sensitive ear which immediately detected, amidst the mightiest masses of sound, the fact of a single instrument, or human voice being out of tune; at the same time, he exhibited a power and fertility of productiveness highly unusual at his age. Zelter, the old musical masonic master, and Ludwig Berger, the simple and genuinely German composer, were his first instructors for composition and the piano. Zelter said that Mendelssohn, when only twelve, was his best pupil, and the accounts he gave Göthe of the boy's progress are as many proofs of the continually increasing and warm interest he took in him, though that interest was sometimes manifested in rather strong expressions, and even in treatment too strict and rough, perhaps, for the boy's finely strung disposition. The greatest blessing which resulted for Mendelssohn from these accounts was, indisputably, the intimate footing on which they gradually placed him with Göthe. It was, decidedly, a most fortunate thing for him as a boy and as a young man to contract the closest relations with one of so great and sterling a nature as Göthe, and there can be no doubt that this circumstance contributed in no small degree to foster Mendelssohn's feeling for all that was sound, classical, and genuine, as well as his contempt for everything petty, mediocre, and morbid. Whenever we are allowed to look into his posthumous papers, it will assuredly be most interesting to all lovers of the Beautiful to render themselves acquainted with the correspondence between him and Göthe. For the present, we will content ourselves with gathering, from the letters of Zelter, and of Göthe, some hints respecting the progress of the said relations that continued to grow gradually more and more intimate. After having several times mentioned Felix to Göthe, in such expressions as: "The youngster plays the piano like a devil," or: "Felix is still top-sawyer," Zelter announced to Göthe in the autumn of 1821, the arrival of himself and pupil in these words: "I should like to show my Doris and my best pupil your countenance before I quit this world." In the November of the same year, he really did introduce his beloved pupil to his old friend. After this, Göthe, at first preserving his cool, measured style, writes, on the 5th February, 1822: "Say a kind word to Felix, also, and his parents. Since your departure, my grand piano has been dumb; a single attempt to awake it nearly ended in a failure."—But the bond once contracted was destined soon to be more firmly secured. Zelter continued to send accounts of the boy's wonderful talent and fruitful industry, and Göthe's interest grew stronger and stronger, in consequence. On the 8th February, Zelter wrote:

"Yesterday evening, Felix's fourth opera, dialogue and all complete,\* was performed among ourselves. There are three acts, taking, with ballet, about two hours and a half. The work met with very fair success. For my poor part, I can scarcely overcome my astonishment that a boy, only just fifteen, should advance with such long strides. Everywhere do you find what is new, beautiful, and original, quite original. Intellect, flow, repose, harmony, entirety, dramatic effect. Massiveness, as from an experienced hand. Orchestra interesting; not oppressive, wearying; not merely accompanying. The musicians like playing it, and yet it is not exactly easy. What is known comes and goes, not as if taken, but rather welcome and appropriate in the place it occupies. Liveliness, jubilation without haste, tenderness, delicacy, love, passion, innocence.—The overture is a strange thing. You think of a painter who flings a daub of color upon the canvas, spreads out the mass with finger and brush, till at length there comes to light a group, while you look and look in astonishment for a result, because what is true must happen."

In his somewhat brusque, but, at the same time, striking style, Zelter thus characterises the introduction of a grand leading theme, round which the multiplicity of musical ideas moves as in a concentric circle, a form, for instance, such as we perceive in the magnificent overture to *Die Hebriden*. "It is true," continues Zelter, "that I speak like a grandfather who spoils his grandson. I know very well what I am saying, and have said nothing which I could not prove. First, by plenty of approbation, which comes with most sincerity from orchestra-people and singers,

\* This was a comic opera in one act, entitled *Der Onkel aus Boston*, consisting of an overture and fourteen numbers, with ballet music. That a work of which Zelter—so severe a judge—speaks in such admiring terms should be suppressed by those in whom is invested the sacred trust of Mendelssohn's MSS. seems wholly inexplicable. Editor M. W.

in whom we soon see whether coldness and dissatisfaction, or love and favor, move fingers and throats. You must know this sort of thing yourself. As that mouth pleases that says agreeable things to any one; so does that composer, who places before the executant what he can succeed in, and which he, enjoying himself, communicates to others. That alone is saying everything." How often have these words of old Zelter everywhere since proved true! With what enthusiasm, for instance, did the singers, male and female, in Leipzig attend the rehearsals of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and *Lobgesang*; how indefatigable was the orchestra in overcoming the practical difficulties presented by his overtures, his music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* among other things! It is true that no one knew so well how, by jokes and seriousness, by good-natured praise and kindly blame, by the most delicate and yet easily intelligible hints, to aid in overcoming these difficulties.

(To be continued.)

#### MILAN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Carnival has commenced, and at La Scala was inaugurated with Halévy's opera, *L'Ebreu* (*La Juive*), and the ballet, *Cleopatra*. The opera has been successful, but the ballet is a *mezzo fiasco*.

On the 4th instant, Verdi's eternal *Il Trovatore* was produced with the following cast:—Manrico, Sig. Bignardi; Conte di Luna, Mr. Santley; Azucena, Signora Borgnese; and Leonora, Madame Lafon. I need hardly say that it was a great mistake on the part of the management to produce this worn out opera, which, however powerfully dramatic and beautiful in parts, has been too much heard, and will not do in the Carnival season at La Scala. You will not be surprised to hear that our great English baritone, Mr. Santley, was the hero of the *festa*, and certainly he did have a most triumphant success—a success unparalleled under the circumstances of the case, viz., that all his companions fell, and I feel certain will not be heard of again at the La Scala. I consider the success of our Englishman three-fold, from the fact that he came here with a great English reputation, and the public assembled in the theatre (which was crowded to the ceiling) with the intention of judging him severely; but he passed the ordeal, and by his sterling talent, glorious voice, and magnificent artistic qualifications, he beat down every obstacle, and in the highest circles I have heard him pronounced one of the finest artists heard at La Scala for many years. In his aria in the second act, "Il Balen," which was listened to with the most profound attention, he was most enthusiastically applauded, and called forward four or five times amid unanimous applause. He sang the air magnificently; his accent was perfect, his voice modulated to a nicety, and his phrasing large and grand. Mr. Santley was the only singer applauded throughout the opera, with the exception of Madame Lafon, who received slight applause after her *adagio* in the fourth act. Signor Bignardi, the tenor, has a fine powerful voice, but not the least idea of managing it, and, although he would be a fair artist for provincial theatres (where noise is thought more of than artistic acquirements), he can never come up to the standard of excellence required at La Scala. The *prima donna* has been a good artist, but her voice is much worn, and does not respond readily to the calls she makes on it. Of the Azucena, the least said is the better. A gentleman sitting near me in the theatre made the remark that it was a most singular thing that in the most important theatre in Italy the only successful artist should be an Englishman!!!

At the Radegonda they are doing fair business with *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Sonnambula*, *Rigoletto*, *Lucia*, &c.; and at the Carcano *Faust* has been produced without success. I will send you a full account next week.—Yours faithfully,  
Borgo di Venezia. ARGUS.

MR. LEVEY, the celebrated cornet-player, is now on his return to England from America, and is daily expected in London. His transatlantic successes have been recorded in the *Boston Post*, the *Chicago Times*, the *Buffalo Daily Courier*, the *Cincinnati Commercial Journal* and the *New York Times*. The last named paper goes even the length of calling Mr. Levey a "miracle of a player."

MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, it is said, has accepted an engagement at the Italian Opera, Madrid, and will be due in the Spanish capital in the beginning of February.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(From the *Pall Mall Gazette*).

The reform of the Royal Academy of Music is too important a matter to be dismissed in the brief paragraph in which we have already called attention to the question. Considering the vast influence of the musical art on the enjoyment of daily life, its humanizing and elevating influence upon the poor, and its importance as an expression of religious emotion, it is surprising that the position of its teachers should attract so little attention. This singular indifference is probably due to the fact that so few men of the middle and upper classes have any practical knowledge of music, or were taught to sing or play while yet they were boys. Consequently, whatever may be their love for musical performances, and their conviction of the general importance of musical cultivation, they feel themselves unequal to pronounce any sound judgment on proposed measures of musical reform, and content themselves with the old lament that they were not taught music when they were young. To some such causes, too, is to be traced the doubt whether the supply of a musical education to embryo teachers is a thing with which Parliament, as representing the nation, is in any way concerned. Why should we pay for teaching boys and girls to fiddle or sing, it is said, any more than to make shoes or to bind books? What has the nation to do with the cultivation of fine voices or striking aptitudes for playing on the pianoforte? We might as reasonably, it is argued, undertake to set up a national academy for teaching young dancing masters or "professors" of gymnastics, or fencing. The answer, however, is obvious and simple. The principle on which the nation is justified in taking up the question is identically the same as that on which it endows Regius Professorships at Oxford and Cambridge, and generally grants money for educational purposes for the benefit of rich as well as poor. Once grant the fact that the cultivation of music is a material element in human well-being and happiness, together with the principle that the State is called upon to assist in the work of education, and the establishment of a national Academy of Music follows as a matter of course. If the parents of boys and girls who are intended to live by teaching music cannot secure them a fit training, the loss is that of the whole nation at large. The fact that the parents of such children and the children themselves are incidentally benefited in no way does away with the additional fact that the nation at large is a gainer also. We do not make grants to poor schools for the benefit of the schoolmasters, but for the benefit of the children. And when in like manner we pay musical professors to teach other embryo musical professors, it is not for their sakes that we do it, but for our own. We see that the musical teaching power throughout the country, like the performing powers of players and singers, is at a very low ebb. From the Cathedral services and great oratorio performances down to the humblest attempt at drawing-room, or poor-school singing, the condition of English music is below mediocrity. Not one "professor" out of a dozen is in any sense of the word a real musician. In not one church in a dozen is the congregational singing endurable. There is not a single theatrical orchestra in all London which plays the accompaniments to songs and duets with a proper delicacy and finish. English operatic singers, with very few exceptions, are a proverb for incapacity; mumbling their words, deficient in execution, soulless in expression, and as guiltless of "phrasing" in measured music as of declamatory life in recitative. Everywhere there is that same want of *thoroughness*, which indicates a deficiency in early education.

When the Royal Academy was set up, enthusiastic but not far-seeing patrons imagined that they had devised a cure for all these evils. But the establishment has never won a name in the musical profession or outside it, and has never done anything to deserve a name. It has turned out one good composer, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and one eminent singer, M<sup>me</sup>. Sainton-Dolby; and that is all. All our best English singers and players were trained elsewhere. Nor is this to be wondered at. The management of the institution is scarcely to be called management. Nobody who teaches is properly paid, and nobody is properly supervised by anybody. The whole affair shuffles on, as it were, of its own accord, in an inconvenient house in a street leading out of Hanover-square, of very questionable character as to the persons who at times make it their promenade. With all this the musical teaching given is far from cheap. The professors who teach, or who profess to teach, but are given to teaching by deputy, are understood to be moderate in their charges. Nevertheless the average cost of each pupil is about £45 a year—an enormous sum, more than the cost of tuition at many colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and doubly enormous when the very unsatisfactory quality of the teaching is taken into account. During the year 1864 the mere management of the Academy, including rent, salaries of secretary, librarian, &c., exclusive of the payment of teachers, amounted to more than £950. There are now only seventy-two pupils; so that each of the pupils costs £13 a year, in return for the use of the rooms and music belonging to the institution; while the cost of tuition is wholly paid by the pupils themselves. And all this is exclu-

sive of the personal clothing, board, and lodging of the pupils, with which the Academy has nothing to do—a regulation, indeed, which is about the most sensible arrangement that exists in connection with the whole affair.

Considering, then, the present social position of the ordinary musical professor, and the average income that he earns by his labours, it is clear that any real advance in his training must come from the Government of the country. The system that has been adopted in reference to schools for general education must be adopted for the education of musicians. We want a Kneller Hall, as it used to be in London; a normal school, as it is now the fashion to call such things, adapted to the peculiarities of the special case. The Paris Conservatoire furnishes a model, whether for more or less exact imitation, or as an illustration of the principles on which we ought to act in England. It supplies a perfectly gratuitous education to 600 pupils, and every year presents a gift of £40 to the ten most distinguished students. Vacancies are filled up by candidates after a strict examination, including a trial of that sight-singing which the pupils of our Royal Academy never learn at all. Three times a year the students are examined, and those who show no promise are dismissed. The juries who decide on these and other questions of proficiency are eminent musicians, unconnected with the Conservatoire, which is administered by one single director. The pupils come from all parts of France, and their parents pay the whole expenses of their board, lodging and clothing.

Whether the British taxpayer can be induced to establish any such institution in London may reasonably be doubted. That very energetic and sanguine body, the Society of Arts, is busying itself very much about it at the present time, and they have appointed a committee of about a dozen of their members to collect information and opinions bearing on the subject. If the Government are induced to listen to their pleadings, it will probably be in connection with the general education of the poor, which undeniably demands the raising of the standard of average musical tuition throughout the country. As it is, the musical teaching in Government schools is grievously deficient, nor can it be materially amended while the general teachers are the only teachers of singing. Men and women may be admirable instructors in reading, arithmetic, and grammar, and yet be destitute of the natural gifts without which it is simply impossible to teach music. If the poor are to be civilized by the influence of the divine art, it must be by instruction from well qualified musicians. And these can only be created by some such institution as a central Royal Academy, unlike in almost all respects the present establishment in Teaterden-street, Hanover-square.

[Is there no Royal Academician, or friend of the Royal Academy, to answer this?—D. PETERS.]

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE (From an occasional contributor).—Under the spirited management of Miss Fanny Reeves, operetta still continues to flourish in this pretty little theatre. On Saturday last a new work was presented for the first time, entitled *Love's Limit*, the music by Mr. Mallandaine, the libretto by Mr. Reece, author of *Castle Grim*, the burlesque of *Prometheus*, &c. The plot of the piece is based on the fable of *Diamond Cut Diamond*, cleverly adapted to the lyric stage. The dialogue is smart and effective, while the verses, especially in "Open thy casement, love," and "The two wallets," are creditable to the writer. Mr. Mallandaine's music is light and characteristic, and shows no inconsiderable acquaintance with the appliances of his art: the score is skilfully treated throughout, and, though perhaps not so vocal as might be desired, is sparkling and effective. The principal character, Cecile, a village maiden, was sustained by Madame d'Este Finlayson, who added fresh laurels to her already well-merited reputation. Miss Fanny Reeves's Susanne was a genuine piece of comic acting. Mr. Elliot Galer as Pierre, a dashing serjeant, sang and acted in his usual style. Mr. Conel's Jabot, the unfortunate suitor, and Mr. Bentley's Jacques, a humorous comrade of Pierre, were both excellent. The piece was charmingly mounted, and the chorus and orchestra sufficiently effective, though in the latter a few more strings and less brass would be a decided improvement.

The opera was followed by the burlesque of *Prometheus*. Considerable liberties have been taken with the historic muse, but where gods and mortals love, laugh, dance and sing in celestial, terrestrial, or infernal regions, as stage exigencies may require, so mystic a matter as mythological accuracy may readily be glossed over, especially when it offers, as in the present instance, a plentiful yield of smart punning and laughable situations. Miss Fanny Reeves, as *Prometheus*, acts in the most fascinating manner, and sings charmingly. Miss Fanny Reeves is a great acquisition to our burlesque stage. The remainder of the parts are efficiently represented by the Misses Maitland, Burton, Rourke, &c., and Messrs. Bentley, Baidon, Hayes and Hughes. The manner in which both pieces are put on the stage is highly commendable, and we congratulate Miss Fanny Reeves on the success of her enterprising management.

**ST. PANCRAS CHURCH.**—The trustees of St. Pancras Church have secured the services of Mr. Henry Smart, the eminent composer, as organist of their church. This appointment has been made upon the nomination of the Rev. Canon Champneys, the vicar. Although the formal election has only just taken place, Mr. Smart has been playing at St. Pancras for some weeks past, and his accompaniment of a congregation of 2,500 singing in simple unison is wonderfully solemn and effective.—*Times*.

**LEICESTER.**—(From a Correspondent) Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* was performed here on Monday evening by the New Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Nicholson. The solo vocalists were Miss Edmonds, Miss A. M. Clowes, Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. Sims Reeves. The band and chorus numbered over 200 performers, and the oratorio was a complete success. The room was crowded to excess and hundreds had to be refused admittance.

**MASTER WILLIE PAPE** is about to commence a tour through Ireland, and plays at the Rotunda, Dublin, on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th inst.

**MISS MILLY PALMER**, who has been rusticating in the Midland Counties, after her 200 performances in *Arrah na Pogue*, commences a brief engagement at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, on Monday, in her original character of Eda in *Laurence's Love Suit*. It is said that Miss Palmer is likely to re-appear in London in the course of the ensuing season.

**OPERA DI CAMERA.**—(From an occasional contributor.)—Mr. German Reed's clever little troupe has just been on a highly successful tour to Windsor, Richmond, Gravesend, and Rochester, performing to large and enthusiastic audiences. *Love wins the way*, *Jessy Lea*, *The Soldier's Legacy*, *Widow's Bewitched*, and *Too Many Cooks*, concluding every evening with *Ching-Chow-Hi*. In the first four operas, Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Pitt, Messrs. Whiffin, Wilkinson and Cox appeared, and received well-merited applause. The *piece de résistance*, however, as at the Gallery of Illustration, has been *Ching-Chow-Hi*. Night after night well-filled benches and peals of laughter rewarded the efforts of the artists representing the Anglo-Scotch-Chinese. In consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Shaw, the versatile Mr. Maccabe undertook the Emperor and gave an irresistibly comic delineation of the part. Of Madame d'Este Finlayson's arch and graceful Pet-ping-sing nothing need be said. It had already been so highly commended in London that its success in the provinces was only what might have been predicted. The other parts—with exception of Mr. Gayner, a by no means competent substitute for Mr. Whiffin—were cleverly sustained by Messrs. Wilkinson, Cox, Howard, &c., as before. The accompaniments were ably performed by Messrs. Sidney Naylor, Tomlin and Laurent. The pieces were mounted with Mr. German Reed's customary taste, and the result of the performances reflects much credit on his managerial tact and enterprise.

**CHICHESTER.**—On Tuesday last, January 9th, a musical performance of a refined and very attractive character, was given in the Assembly Rooms, by the highly accomplished pianist, Mrs. John Macfarren, assisted by a cultivated and naturally gifted young vocalist, in the person of Miss Robertine Henderson. The programme included selections from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Brissac, &c., and these, one and all, were rendered with so much finish, with such infinite grace and expression, as not only to rivet the attention, but fairly to captivate the feelings of the whole audience, who exacted of the fair executant the repetition of four morceaux of the attractive programme, Mozart's lovely effusion "Das Veilchen," a brilliant fantasia on National Airs by Brissac, Macfarren's song "I never knew my heart held fast," and an old English ditty. The hall was well filled in every part, notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather.

**ST. ALBANS.**—(From a Correspondent.)—An excellent performance of the *Messiah* was given in this town on Monday Jan. 1st. The principal artists were Madame Rudersdorff and Miss Dresdil, being their first appearance at this town. The last mentioned lady has a fine voice, and bids fair to take a place amongst the contraltos of the day. Her articulation is clear, her execution is good. We were not slow to detect a similarity of delivery with that of her tutor, who sang with spirit and feeling as usual. The tenor, Mr. F. R. Walker, gave, "Comfort ye" and "Every valley" with expression, whilst the bass, Mr. Hamilton, sang with hardly the effect expected. The choral parts were well sustained, Mr. J. Tompkins being careful and efficient as conductor. Mr. R. Tompkins presided at the piano with great ability for one so young. The "Hallelujah" concluded this most successful evening, which cannot fail to raise Mr. Tompkins in the estimation of amateurs.

**MADAME RUDERSDORFF** is gone to Germany, to sing at two historical concerts, at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig.

**MADLLE ZEISS.**—This young lady might, but for the fact of Mad. Grossi's having suddenly been taken ill, be at present as unknown to the Parisian public as she was three months since; she might, in a word, but for a lucky chance, have afforded to the few who were acquainted with her powers a proof of the truth contained in Gray's words: "Full many, &c." At present, she has really created a sensation among the *habitués* of the Théâtre Italien in Paris. From the night she was so suddenly called upon to replace Mad. Grossi, as Azucena in *Il Trovatore*, she has increased the favourable impression she then created. There can be no doubt she has made "a hit, a very palpable hit," as Osric says in *Hamlet*. All the Paris papers are, for a wonder, unanimous, and concur in regarding her as a young artist of great promise. One of them says, "Madlle. Zeiss is a mine of gold that has been discovered by the merest chance; she was engaged as a substitute in case of illness, but if she continues as she has begun, she will speedily eclipse those whom she was intended to replace only now and then." Madlle. Zeiss has since appeared as the Abbé de Gondi, in *Maria di Rohan*, and confirmed the favourable opinion already entertained of her. The veteran Théophile Gautier remarks: "La reprise de *Maria di Rohan* a mis en lumière un contralto superbe, Madlle. Zeiss, à l'organe suave et puissant." Nature has evidently done much for Madlle. Zeiss. It now rests with herself permanently to attain, by study and perseverance, a high position on the lyric stage.—P.P. P.

**GREENOCK** (From a Correspondent).—The Musical Union's New Year Festival (January 1st, 1866) consisted of Haydn's *Creation* in the morning, and a miscellaneous concert in the evening (Town Hall). The solo singers were Miss Helena Walker, of Leeds, soprano; Mr. Herbert Bond, of the Royal English Opera, tenor; and Mr. David Lambert, of Durham, bass. Miss Walker's voice was very effective in "With verdure clad;" Mr. Herbert Bond was successful with "In native worth;" and Mr. David Lambert's singing of "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," and "Rolling in foaming billows," was excellent. The duets in the third part were excellently given by Miss Walker and Mr. Lambert. The band was limited, and not good; but the chorus was both good and numerous. Mr. Poulter, as organist, made up for the shortcomings of the band, and Mr. W. Patterson Cross was conductor. The evening concert was a great success. Miss Walker, in "Within a mile" and "Jenny of the Mill" was encored. Mr. Lambert was encored in the "Holy Friar," and Wallace's "Bellringer." The low E flat\* at the end of the latter brought down the house. Mr. Herbert Bond, in "Mary of Argyle" and "The Gathering of the Clans," was loudly encored. The part songs by the choir were well sung, and several of them encored. Mr. Poulter was organist, and Mr. Gillies pianist. Mr. Patterson Cross conducted with ability, and to his training is mainly due the excellence of the choral force. The ball given by the Musical Union Committee to the members of the Union and their friends immediately after the evening concert (the seats being removed whilst tea, &c., was served in the adjoining room), was a brilliant climax to the Greenock New Year's Festival.

\* Then Mr. Lambert must have transposed it half a tone lower.—D. PETERS

**MARGATE** (From a correspondent).—An amateur concert was given in the Assembly Rooms on Monday evening, in aid of the funds of the Artillery and Rifle Corps of Margate. The concert was under the especial patronage of the Mayor, Mr. George Yeates Hunter, the Earl of Mount Charles (Lieut.-Col. of the Royal E. K. Mounted Rifles and Colonel 1st Life Guards), Lieut.-Col. Harcourt and the officers of the Cinque Ports Artillery Volunteers, Lieut.-Col. of the 4th Battalion Kent Rifle Volunteers, Major Cox and the officers of the 2nd Cinque Ports Rifle Volunteers, Captains Wilkie, Sicklemore, Sankey and Sheridan, Lieutenant Crump, &c. The singers were Mrs. Francis Talfourd, Miss Swaby, and Messrs. Head, Rhodes and Bentham; instrumentalists, Miss Grace Aguilar and Mr. Aguilar (pianoforte). Mrs. Francis Talfourd was the queen of the festival, and was tumultuously applauded in all her songs, and, indeed, never sung more delightfully. Her first solo was Claribel's pretty ballad, "I cannot sing the old songs," her second, Benedict's "The Carnival of Venice." These vocal compositions require very different kinds of singing, but Mrs. Talfourd, who is equally skillful as a bravura and ballad singer, was equally successful in both, the latter being encored, when "The lover and the bird" of Guglielmi was substituted. Miss Swaby displayed a nice soprano voice, and Mr. Bentham, an unknown tenor, sang "The Message" and Donizetti's "In terra sola," the latter encored. The instrumental performances by Miss Grace and Mr. Aguilar were highly effective. The band, small but efficient, played a selection from *Ernani* and the *Elisir d'Amore*. Messrs. Aguilar and Nicholson conducted and accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.







port of her future. It was decided that the marriage should take place as soon as he had opened an office of his own, and in some degree established himself.

Before he had done this, three years elapsed, during which Marie continued uninterruptedly with her Mother. They first resided at Sava, with a brother of her Mother's, and afterwards at Laibach, where she endeavoured to save the remains of her fortune by the aid of Dr. Wurzbach, father of Dr. Constant von Wurzbach, the librarian and editor of the *Oestreichisches Biographisches Lexicon*.

Something which took place in the earlier part of the above period has come to my knowledge, and, though it has nothing to do with Marie's musical talent, throws such a clear light upon her character, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of mentioning it.

Near the Sava ironworks stands the small market-town of Asling. One day—Sunday, I think, because otherwise the men in the ironworks would have been ready to lend their assistance—the place was seen to be in flames. Scarcely had my Mother perceived this than, though a young woman of only twenty, she ran off at the top of her speed to do what she could, and to incite others to do the same. She reached the spot out of breath and found half the population weeping in despair, but—looking on doing nothing. The other half, namely, the young and sturdy, had gone to a grand wedding at a neighbouring village; no one was left in the place but the old men and women, the children and the sick. When Marie arrived, only some of the houses were on fire. She addressed the crowd, but the unhappy creatures appeared stunned, petrified with fear. She forced her way into the houses but the women could not find any keys, or said that the latter had been taken away by the men. The scene was one of confused running hither and thither, of purposeless hooting and halloaing, in the midst of which the crackling beams and rafters kept falling in, while no engine was to be found, or no one could be got to work it. The inhabitants beheld in the terrible tragedy before their eyes the harbinger of future misery. In this state of things Marie called to them, and told them to let the houses burn in Heaven's name if they chose, but, at any rate, to make some attempt towards saving their moveables. She seized in the nearest house threatened by the flames the first thing on which she could lay her hand, and sent it, by the children or the maids, into the fields outside the village. Her example, her courage, her resolution, produced their effect, as did, probably, her unexpected appearance, and she can hardly have been a perfect stranger, totally unknown to the people. In a word, they willingly put themselves under her orders. The grey-haired priest was taken into the fields and placed comfortably in his chair, where he tremblingly repeated the prayers in his Breviary, while the inhabitants carried out their goods and piled them up around him, as round a natural centre. When the Absent returned at night, they found the village, it is true, in ruins, but nearly everything that was not a fixture saved by Marie's advice and assistance.

I have nothing to relate about her residence in Laibach, except that it was often clouded by legal proceedings and family matters, and I doubt, therefore, her having had an opportunity of appearing in public. But she must have charmed private circles by her pianoforte-playing, for, when she had once more settled in Gratz and been married above a year, the Laibach Philharmonic Society sent her their diploma which was dated the 15th October, 1817, and in which she was, in the most flattering terms, created an honorary member.

It was on the 12th May, 1816, that Marie and the man she had selected were married in a little old church of the suburbs of Gratz.

The event was marked, I may observe, by a touch of romance, which we should have expected from the bride rather than the bridegroom, though it was he who was the author of it. Whether

he wanted to prevent the moment to which he had so long looked forward from gratifying gossiping curiosity; whether he wished to save his bride's mother, who had only just arrived, the trouble and expense of a wedding-feast; or whether, being in extra good spirits, he gave way to a sort of poetical rogueishness, is more than I know; all I can say is that he proposed that they should be married privately, and Marie instantly closed with the proposal. Dressed quite plainly, as if for an ordinary walk, did she appear with my Father before the altar; an old Italian *Abbate*\* performed the marriage ceremony, the only other persons present being the two witnesses, one of whom was Marie's guardian, and the second my Father's friend, Dr. Ignaz Werle, a son of whom afterwards married Schneller's daughter. Madame Koschak was quite as much astonished at seeing the two young people return as man and wife, as was Madame Pachler—to whom my Father had merely notified that he had invited a friend to supper—at beholding my Mother appear as her daughter-in-law.

The two mothers, thus deprived of the usual ceremonials and festivities, were at first exceedingly affronted. They afterwards, it is true, were appeased, and the young pair moved into the second floor of the house belonging to the Pachlers. The first-floor was occupied by Madame Pachler. Madame Koschak, a thoroughly good woman, visited her beloved Marie almost every day. She overwhelmed her daughter and her son-in-law with all sorts of little acts of attention, and greatly assisted her daughter in her domestic duties, so that the latter was enabled to devote her time to practising music, and pursuing the studies which she had resumed, for these had become a custom and a necessity for her. The birth of her only child, which took place in the third year of her marriage; the death of Madame Koschak two years afterwards, and the death of Madame Pachler two years after that, interfered, of course, with these artistic arrangements, and imposed upon my Mother, firstly: the task of bringing up, and partially educating, her son, and, secondly, of attending to household duties which were increasing every year. Just as she had once given herself up entirely to art, she now devoted herself to her child and to her home.†

But from this short survey of a subsequent time I will now return to the point at which I interrupted my narrative.

Thanks to their own worth, and the instrumentality of Schneller, who was on the most intimate footing of friendship with them, the young couple did not find it difficult to collect around them a distinguished circle of noble-minded, accomplished, or remarkable men, for guests did not, in those days, look for expensive refreshments, and Gratz, as we are all aware, is one of the cheapest cities in the monarchy.

My Mother had now only one ardent wish: to be taken to Vienna to make Beethoven's acquaintance. But this wish re-

\* Why this gentleman was selected instead of the regular priest I do not know, but it probably was because my Mother, as great granddaughter of a Herr von Pacassi—in all likelihood the Vienna Court architect, Baron Nicolaus von P.—always kept up a connection with numerous Italian relatives and friends; this was the reason why, in her younger days, she spoke Italian almost as fluently as she spoke German. Her great grandfather, Valentin Ruard, also, is said to have been born in Italy. He was for a long time what was then termed a "*Niederösterreichischer*"—equivalent to the "wholesale dealer" of the present day—at Vienna. He subsequently retired to Sava, where he established extensive ironworks.

† In a letter written from Gratz to her friend in Vienna as far back as the 9th April, 1827, my Mother says: "My numerous household duties, which, since the death of my Mother-in-law, go on increasing from year to year; the education of my Faust, which, also, is extending as he grows older, and, with the sole exception of his writing lesson, is conducted by myself; then visits, which, now and then, have either to be made or to be received, and a great deal more, that it would take too long to describe in detail, so engross my time, that I must, so to speak, steal the moments for my favourite occupations. I frequently cannot get to the piano for weeks together, and for whole months have not a chance of reading."

mained unfulfilled till the next year, however much my Father, who looked upon the journey as his wedding-trip, would have liked to satisfy it. Either the funds were not sufficient, or my Father could not leave his practice for so long.

But, whatever, may have been the reason that the trip was thus postponed—and perhaps my Mother's frequent illness had something to do with it—my Mother was put into communication with Beethoven before she went to Vienna, and it was her brother-in-law, Anton, whom she had to thank for this.

(To be continued.)

#### DISHLEY PETERS' MEDITATIONES.

##### IV.

I HAVE just finished reading Mr. Montague Shoot's letter from Paris, dated Jan. 3. Under the second column there is a foot-note, signed "D. Peters," to the following effect:—

"Mr. Shoot is not quite correct. *Masaniello*, taken from Auber's opera, and with a good deal of Auber's music, was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, some twelve years ago, as was also, at an earlier period, the same composer's *Dieu et la Bayadère*."

Mr. Shoot is rarely "not quite correct;" but why my name was appended to this foot-note I cannot imagine. I don't pretend to infallibility, but even if I were drunk with Falernian I could not possibly have displayed so stupendous an amount of ignorance. *Masaniello*, as a ballet, was by no means produced at Her Majesty's Theatre "some twelve years ago." True, "some twelve years ago" the opera itself was given, with M. Poulthier as Masaniello, and the famous Mdle. Monti as Fenella; but that is a very different affair. *Le Dieu et la Bayadère* was never at any time produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, either as opera or ballet, nor was it ever at any time produced as a *ballet-propre* anywhere in the world. It is, as every one knows (except, it would appear, this same foot-noter) a ballet-opera, and as such was brought out at Drury Lane "some" 30 years ago, by Mr. Bunn (for Mdle. Duvernay, Miss Betts, and Mr. Templeton), and subsequently revived, under the same gentleman's management, for the *début* of Miss Messent, in 1847, or thereabouts. I should feel greatly obliged to the printers of the *Musical World* if, henceforth, they will refrain from appending the signature of "Dishley Peters," or "D. Peters," or "Dishley," or "Peters," or "D. P.," or "D.," or "P.," to anything that does not come before them in my handwriting. I have sins to answer for without fathering the gross stupidity of Mr. Shoot's commentator in foot-note.

##### V.

I am always glad to hear from Mr. Otto Beard, who, if sometimes pedantic and occasionally (remembering his analysis of Albrechtsberger) obscure, is invariably earnest, and not seldom convincing. What he now communicates is curious. Let my readers judge:—

SIR,—A new musical association, with a special purpose of its own, has been, or is being, founded in London, under the title of the Concordia. Its proclaimed object is to produce "unperformed oratorios, cantatas, masses, &c.;" and it appears from a prospectus issued by the society (and from a discourse delivered by one of the founders at a recent "public rehearsal," which took place at Exeter Hall), that the Concordia means to bring out not only works which have never been performed at all, but also works already known, but which, in the opinion of the association, are not performed sufficiently often. The Concordia publicly pledges itself not to give either *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, or *Israel in Egypt*, at its concerts; which seems to me one of the most curious and original promises ever made. It is quite true that these and one or two other sacred works are played too often, and too much to the exclusion of compositions of equal, or nearly equal, merit, which are scarcely ever heard. But it must be remembered that *The Messiah* has not been forced upon the public through a

preconceived determination on the part of a small body of enthusiasts. The frequent performance of *The Messiah* is to be explained by the simple fact that a large portion of the public admire it beyond everything else, and are always glad to listen to its sublime strains. To set out by disavowing all intention of ever performing the three most popular works in sacred music is to disregard a very obvious but also a very certain means of success.—Your obedient servant,

OTTO BEARD.

D. Peters, Esq.

Mr. Beard says well. Nevertheless, it is not impossible but that the Concordia have come to their resolution out of charity to *The Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt* and *The Creation*—to Handel and Haydn. Why not give poor Mendelssohn the same chance by excluding also *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, and the *Lobgesang*? To be candid, I have no great faith in the increasing spread of amateur musicizing. Why can't amateurs mind their own business, and leave music to musicians?

##### VI.

This morning, with *The Times*, the *Saturday Review*, and last night's *Pall Mall Gazette*, came the following letter—why addressed to me I am at a loss to make out (but, as you will see, I have put it in small type—in "brevier," so to speak):—

SIR,—If you consider it worth while to record in your columns, as likely to interest some of your readers, the following proof of the unusual mildness of the present season, I beg to say that I caught yesterday a perfect specimen of the saffron or brimstone butterfly, not in a torpid state, as if too prematurely released from its chrysalis, but flying about as if it were already spring, in one of the highest and bleakest spots on the Surrey hills. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Ookdene, Headley, Epsom, Jan. 4.

SPORTSMAN.

Why couldn't you leave it alone, you brute? I'll be bound it was prettier than you.

This brings me, by a pleasing interrupted cadence, to a letter from Mr. Shaver Silver, more or less about Italian Opera. I append it in full, but under protest, and "no prejudice" well understood:—

SIR,—There will be some remarkable changes next season at both our Italian Operas. I mentioned some time ago that Mdme. Gristi, the three years during which she had bound herself not to sing in public having expired, had accepted an engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre. Most persons would have thought that, inasmuch as Mdme. Gristi's voice was already failing her in 1863 (and indeed much earlier), there was but little probability of her coming out again as a singer in 1866. Whatever effect three years' repose may have had upon Mdme. Gristi's voice, it at least cannot have restored it to the freshness of youth. But, however this may be, Mdme. Gristi is to sing next season at her Majesty's Theatre. I am told that she will come out in her celebrated part of Norma, and I hear that Mdme. Tietjens, with cruel kindness, has consented to appear as Adalgisa. The duet of the second act will have the character of a duel; betting two to one on Adalgisa. Signor Mario follows the fortunes of Mdme. Gristi. He deserts the Royal Italian Opera for Her Majesty's Theatre, as, twenty years ago, he deserted Her Majesty's Theatre for the Royal Italian Opera. This transfer of allegiance is not so important now as it was then. *Tempora mutantur, vox et mutatur in illis*.

At the Royal Italian Opera, the place left vacant by the departure of Signor Mario will be filled by Signor Nicolini, a tenor who has been singing with great success at the Italian Opera of Paris. Signor Nicolini's name reminds Mr. Punch of the *Spectator*. Probably, if the Signor Nicolini who used to sing duets with a lion in Addison's time were alive now, he would still imagine himself capable of taking the part of first Tenor. Singers never know when and where to stop—*Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus!*—including even Signor Mario. Signor Mario might have flourished some time longer at the Royal Italian Opera, where he may be said to have taken root in the sympathies of a familiar, appreciative, congenial audience. But is he not rather too old for transplantation? The experiment, to say the least, is a hazardous one.

I have not yet heard who is to take the parts of the *Grisi répertoire*, at the Royal Italian Opera. A proper representation of such characters as Norma, Lucrezia, Anna Bolena, &c., is not easy to

find. Otherwise, with Adelina Patti, Pauline Lucca, and Fioretti in his company (why, by-the-way, is Mdle. Fioretti not to be called, like the others, by her Christian name?), Mr. Gye will be in no want of prima donnas. He is seriously in want, however, of a contralto. Mdle. Honoré was far from being an efficient substitute for Mdme. Nantier-Didié, who herself was not worthy of being ranked, I will not say with Albani, but with Mdme. Trebelli, or with Mdle. Grossi, who, considered as a pure contralto, is the most promising vocalist of the present day. Unless Nicolini should really sustain the reputation by which he is preceded (a thing that happens in about one case out of twelve), our Italian companies will be as weak next season in tenors as they will be strong in the prima-donna department. Although the engagement of Mdme. Grisi will doubtless be made a "feature" in Mr. Mapleson's programme for the season, the soprano singers on whom he will really have to count will be Mdle. Tietjens and Mdle. Ilma de Murska.

To D. Peters, Esq.

SHAYER SILVER.

Mr. Shaver Silver is good at his latinity. At the same time Mario does not desert the Royal Italian Opera—at any rate for two years—and, if for no other reason, because *he can't*. Also Mr. Shaver Silver absurdly over estimates Mdle. Eleonora (why not the Christian name?) Grossi as a "vocalist," seeing that she is by no means an adept in the art of vocalisation. To conclude Mdme. Titiens, or Tietjens, should issue an edict that her name be for the future spelt uniformly one way or the other. The thing is becoming a nuisance. Mr. Silver—owing perhaps to his being repeatedly quoted in these columns—is becoming a little careless, not to say perfunctory. He should live on less stimulating diet.

"———Me pascent olivæ,  
Me cicorea, levesque malve."

Let him adhere to olives, cicory and mallow—after the example of his, not to say admirer, but, feebly speaking, tolerator, the author of these *Meditations*.

I can only afford small type for a letter addressed to me by the Editors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, touching upon the shortcomings and non-comings of the Royal Academy of Music. Elsewhere I have allowed these gentlemen to pursue their argument at greater length, paradox, and prolixity. The subjoined is a pop-gun. The article quoted in another column (page 22) is a 500-pounder. Neither will hit the mark.

SIR.—The British public ought to be reminded, if not informed for the first time, that they will probably be requested to allot £10,000 per annum for the placing the Royal Academy of Music on a sound basis. Nor is this all. They will be asked to find a portion of the funds for erecting a good building for the academy's purposes, and a good site whereon to build it. Most people barely know that such an institution as the academy exists. But all those who know anything of its working are aware that it has been and is an utter failure. The Crown granted it a charter in 1830, specially moved thereto by the late Lord Westmoreland, but its system of management was originally unsound, its working has been far worse than was anticipated, and its principals and professors are among the foremost to ask for a reform. Reform, however, is useless. The existing establishment for many reasons ought to be summarily abolished, and a new institution, more or less resembling the Conservatoire at Paris, erected in its place. Without going now into a detailed account of its mismanagement, we may state a few facts which ought to be generally known, in anticipation of coming Parliamentary action. The Paris Conservatoire has 600 pupils; the Royal Academy about 70. Those who have heard the band of the Conservatoire accompanying a singer have listened to an army of fiddlers all playing together with such perfectly subdued tones that the voice is not for a moment overpowered. In the Royal Academy they make every pupil learn some instrument, in addition to that which he really studies, in order to fill up gaps in their orchestra. The professors, too, are in the habit of frequently teaching by deputy, and there is no resident superior to enforce the performance of the duties of pupils and professors alike. But if anything is needed to prove the call for sweeping away the whole existing institution, it is the fact that the singing pupils are not taught to read music at sight. They are not taught, in technical terms, to sol-fa. The non-musical reader will not, of course, see the bearings of this neglect. In reality, it is worse than the omission of teaching spelling as an element in the

general schooling of children. No patching up will do anything for a system that has been so shamefully abused. If Parliament consents to give the money it will be asked for, it ought to place the direction of the establishment in the hands of a small number of non-professional and unpaid gentlemen, and appoint a non-professional man to reside and rule, like the master of a university college, with a good salary. The actual teaching should be in the hands of professionals of high character, properly remunerated.—We are, Sir, your humble servants,  
To D. Peters, Esq.  
PALL MALL GAZETTE.

I propose (in the absence of an Academic retort) to touch lightly upon this subject eight days hence. Has Mr. H. F. Chorley nothing to say? My columns are open to his matter.

VII.

I have perused with a certain degree of interest the letter (appended) of M. Flâneur E. Y. Etoile:—

DEAR PETERS,—One of the things which they manage so much better in France is the payment of dramatic authors, which is made to depend on the success of their works. In England a dramatist receives so much for his piece, and no more or less whether it prove a startling success or a flat failure. In France the *droits d'auteur* are a certain share of the receipts of each night's performance, and hence the bad piece, as is right, produces him next to nothing, while the success, in some cases (*teste Dumas fils*) brings him in a fortune. In England the pay is so bad that only those who have a special liking and aptitude for dramatic writing turn their attention to the stage. There is a chance of an alteration in this state of things. Mr. Dion Boucicault, by far the cleverest English dramatist of the day, is organising a strong agitation in the matter. Already certain managers have given in their adhesion, and if his brother dramatists are but staunch to the plan we shall soon have the *droits d'auteur* system recognised among us, with better pay for the authors and better pieces for the public as its result.—I am, dear Peter, yours in sincerity,  
FLÂNEUR E. Y. ETOILE.

M. Etoile writes tolerably good English for a Frenchman. Only let English dramatists imitate Mr. Dion Boucicault, and not filch all their pieces from the French, and I shall give them my countenance. Until then I cannot but wholly discountenance them, as pilferers and impostors—petty larceners if you will, but gigantic humbugs. I hate a play that is taken from the French and "adapted to English manners." *Terruit urbem* (speaking Adonically). Moreover—to drop the dactylo-dimetric style—it gives me the colic. If honesty is not the best policy the law ought to make it so.

Jan. 12.

D. P.

SIG. ARDITI left on Thursday for Nottingham, with the Grisi-Mario *tournee* organised by Mr. Mapleson, the other artists being Mad. de Meric Lablache, Sig. Foli, and Mdle. Emilia Arditì (violin soloist). Sig. Arditì returned from Paris on Tuesday. He was present at several performances at the Grand Opéra, and on one occasion at a representation of the *Africaine*. During his sojourn in Paris he heard several artists new to London, some of whom we have reason to believe are engaged for next season at Her Majesty's Theatre.

MR. JARRETT returned from Paris on Tuesday. He accompanies the Grisi-Mario tour as manager.

MDLE. TIETJENS. Another "provincial" tour, with Mdle. Tietjens as the "star," and Mdle. Sinico and Zandrina, Signors Stagno and Bossi as satellites, the attraction of the party being greatly enhanced by Sig. Piatti, as solo violoncellist, set out yesterday. Sig. Bevigiani is to be the conductor.

MR. BALFE has left Biarritz for Madrid, with his youngest daughter and her husband, the Duke de Frias.

MDLE. ADELINA PATTI has been singing with extraordinary success at Marseilles. She is expected in Paris immediately.

SIGNOR BEVIGNANI has left London on a tour through the provinces with Mdle. Titiens and party.

SIGNOR STAGNO, the young tenor of Her Majesty's Theatre, is engaged by Mr. Mapleson to sing in the provinces with Madame Grisi in *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Norma*.



## PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

In transforming Lord Byron's *Bride of Abydos* into the libretto of an opera M. Jules Adenis had no small task set him. Exquisitely beautiful as the poem is, perfectly drawn as the character of Zuleika may be, and powerfully dramatic as is the sketch of Giaffir, the story has little variety and the incidents are not of that kind that improve, or do not deteriorate, by being transferred to the stage. M. Adenis, compelled utterly to alter Lord Byron, has manufactured what may be called a good operatic book, and his verses are decidedly above the average of those which are supplied by modern librettists. The plot of the new opera follows the text of Lord Byron for some time closely. It would have been difficult to preserve the *dénouement* of the poem, there being nothing dramatic in the death of Selim and Zuleika, and people now like to see operatic affairs wound up to a happy conclusion. At a grand theatre a serious termination might be desirable; but the Théâtre-Lyrique suffers no dolorous ending, and Madame Carvalho is altogether more attractive when smiling than when lamenting. M. Adrien Barthe, the composer, has had even a harder task imposed upon him than M. Adenis. It is always a thankless undertaking to write music for the Théâtre-Lyrique, since the manager invariably interferes, and, no matter who the composer, insists on alterations and additions. Of course M. Carvalho is a first-rate musician, a great poet, a thorough dramatist and a profound manager, and therein lies his excuse. When M. Barthe sent in his partition to the Théâtre-Lyrique, it was straight discovered that Madame Carvalho had not been sufficiently minded in the apportioning of the music, so that the composer was enforced to add two or three pieces more that the fair and talented spouse of the director should have those ample opportunities, which are invariably afforded her, of exhibiting her great talent—more particularly her ornamental talent—in the most conspicuous manner. It is fortunate for Madame Carvalho that Byron's description of Zuleika is not as well known in Paris as in London, or her warmest admirers would scarcely laud her for having put on so unseemly a seeming. For my own part, I can see that the songstress, whose ability and fitness for certain things no one can dispute, has nothing whatever in common with Byron's heroine; and can well believe, that when Selim, in the enthusiasm of his love, apostrophised Zuleika in the following lines—

"She was a thing of life and light,  
That seen became a part of sight,  
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,  
The morning star of memory"—

he was thinking of anybody besides Madame Miolan Carvalho. Let me do real justice to Madame Carvalho and own that her singing in M. Barthe's opera was most excellent, and that she created this time a legitimate impression. I like the new composer and think he is destined to cut a figure in the musical world. He gives me better hopes than any composer I have heard since Gounod, and I especially admire him because he is not afraid or ashamed to copy Rossini. That M. Barthe had laid up in his heart profound reminiscences of *Comte Ory*, and that they have found their way into public through his pen, is no proof whatever of plagiarism, but rather indicates a profound sympathy with true music. The *Fiancée d'Abydos* is a genuine success, and is likely to fill the theatre for a reasonable time. M. Montjauze did not quite satisfy me in Selim, the most romantic of lovers, and his singing was unequal. M. Ishmael felt and understood—or seemed to feel and understand—the character and music of the stern Giaffir; and M. Lutz made as much as could be made of the small part of Haroun.

The new *salle* of the Conservatoire has been opened, and is pronounced the handsomest and most spacious music-hall in Paris. The inauguration entertainment was given on Thursday last. An overture by M. Dubois, "*Grand prix de Rome*" in 1861; a cantata called, *Les Rivaux d'aux Nêmes*; another cantata, *Renauld dans les jardins*, the words by M. Camille du Locle, music by M. Leneveu; and a comedy by M. Pigault-Lebrun, made up the principal items in the programme. A brilliant and splendid assembly was present. In the Ministerial box were His Excellency Marshal Vaillant, Minister of the Imperial Household and of the Fine Arts, M. le Comte de Neuwerkerke, superintendent of the Fine Arts, M. Camille Doucet, director of the theatres, MM.

Auber, Ambroise Thomas, M. Gautier, and M. de Beauchêne, Secretary of the Conservatoire. The *salle* was filled with artists, musicians and all the notabilities of the Press. The first "Concert Extraordinary" was given in the new hall, on Sunday, by the "Société des Concerts." The selection comprised Beethoven's Symphony in A; the double chorus of Meyerbeer, "*Adieux aux jeunes Mariés*;" Mendelssohn's overture to *The Isles of Fingal*; Fragments from Haydn's *Seasons*; and the overture to *Der Freischütz*.

It is rumoured here that the director of the Royal Italian Opera, London, has entered into negotiations with Mlle. Nilsson, the Swedish *cantatrice* of the Théâtre-Lyrique, purposely to sing the rôle of the Queen of Night in the *Flauto Magico*, to be produced this season at his theatre. But I hear also that Madame Passy-Cornet, who early in December appeared as the Queen of Night at the Imperial Opera of Vienna, has also been engaged by Mr. Frederick Gye for the same part. Surely both reports cannot be true; or, indeed, has the imaginative and enterprising *impresario* secured the two as a set off against Ilma de Murska? Madame Passy-Cornet has been a vocal professor at the Viennese Conservatory for many years, and is therefore no longer young. There is much talk about her, and she may be good.

The new opera *Le Voyage en Chine*, which, as I informed you a fortnight since, was produced at the Opéra-Comique on the 9th of the current month, has been composed by M. François Bazin, the libretto being the joint performance of MM. Labiche and Delacour. M. Bazin is neither an unknown, nor an untried musician. He is professor of harmony at the Conservatoire and some of his pupils have greatly distinguished themselves. He is also one of the directors of the Orphéon Society and his supervision has exercised a powerful influence in the administration of that body. M. Bazin is favourably known as a composer. His first venture in public was a cantata called *Loise de Montfort*, which was played at the Opéra and achieved a decided success. His first dramatic essay was an operetta in one act, *Le Trompette de M. le Prince*; his second, an opera in two acts, *Madelon*; and his third, best of all, *Maitre Pathelin*. Every subsequent work showed M. Bazin to be an improving writer, and certainly, as far as I am enabled to judge, *Le Voyage en Chine*, of all his productions for the stage, is the nearest approach yet made to an artistic and perfected work.

Jean Frédéric Auguste Ponchard, one of the most accomplished musicians of the present century, died in Paris on Saturday, in the 77th year of his age. His father, Antoine Ponchard, was in succession professor of music at the College of Pontlevoxy, collector of taxes of the district of Auxerre, leader of the band at the Lyons Theatre, and finally *maitre de chapelle* at the church of St. Eustache, Paris. His son was received as a pupil at the Conservatoire in Paris, the 13th of July, 1808, in the class directed by Gavati. He obtained the first prize in singing and the second in lyric tragedy and comedy so early as the year 1810. Ponchard very quickly became a favourite with the public. He distinguished himself in the operas of *La Sérénade*, *L'Amant et le Mari*, *Le Jeune Oncle*, *Masaniello*, *Joconde*, *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, and *La Dame Blanche*. Ponchard retired from the theatre in 1834 and devoted himself to teaching. He was appointed Professor at the Conservatoire, and produced several excellent pupils, among them Madame Prevost and Mlle. Caillault, who became his wife. His son, Charles Ponchard, has been attached to the Opéra Comique for many years, after having passed two years at the Comédie Française.

The third Popular Concert of Classical Music (second series) was given on Sunday last. The programme was as follows:—Symphony in E flat—Mozart; Overture to the *Prophète*—Meyerbeer; Allegretto Scherzando from symphony in F—Beethoven; Music to Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*—Mendelssohn. The orchestra was directed by M. Padeloup. The concert was remarkable for the first performance in public of Meyerbeer's overture, which, it may be remembered, was left out by the composer after being rehearsed, not, however, because it was not deemed worthy of preservation, but because there being an imperative necessity for curtailment, the overture was selected by Meyerbeer as one of the pieces to be omitted. I was not able to attend the concert on Sunday, which I regret exceedingly, as I should much like to have heard the overture to the *Prophète*.

Paris, Jan. 10th. MONTAGUE SHOOT.

## MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY'S BALLAD CONCERT.

Many people were of opinion that Madame Sainton-Dolby made a great mistake when she announced a concert with the programme almost entirely composed of ballads. It was altogether unusual, and the public, who had been accustomed to the bravuras of Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini, and the grand dramatic scenes of Verdi and Gounod, would in all probability feel no interest in an evening devoted to plain song without a single example from the florid school. Madame Sainton, nevertheless, thought differently, and she was moved to give her ballads by two considerations:—first, inasmuch as English singers can sing ballads infinitely better than they can bravuras; secondly, that the popular taste seems at this moment to incline back, as it were, to the old form of native song, and to long for the simple singing days of Kitty Stephens, Braham, Sinclair, Wilson, Miss Byrne, Mrs. Waylett and Madame Vestris. Facts are stubborn things and sometimes convince the most contumacious. The success of Madame Sainton's Ballad Concert—given on Monday evening, at St. James's Hall—was indubitable. The hall was crowded; the company select; applause in excess. Nearly half the selection was encored, and nearly every piece received with vociferous cheers. The fair *beneficiare* sang Herr Blumenthal's song, "The Children's Kingdom;" a new ballad called "The Lady of Kienast's Tower," words by Mr. Planche, music by Virginia Gabriel; and two ballads by Claribel, "I cannot sing the old songs," and "Maggie's Secret." Herr Blumenthal's song, aided even by Madame Sainton's most expressive singing, created no effect. Not so, however, Virginia Gabriel's new song, which, given with faultless taste and great variety of feeling, was encored with enthusiasm, and repeated with increased effect. This song, if recommended by the singing of the great contralto, is sure to become a favourite. Claribel's two ballads have gained no mean publicity through the singing of Madame Sainton, who was never in a happier mood, nor in better voice than on Monday evening, and who gave both songs literally to perfection. Madame Rudersdorff sang Haydn's canzonet "She never told her love," and the ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses." The latter, enforced with infinite vigour and great command of voice, was redemanded, when Madame Rudersdorff thought proper to substitute "Within a mile o' Edinbro' town." The fair Teuton, moreover, introduced a new Venetian song, "Beneath the blue transparent sky," composed by Signor Randegger: a capital song, excellently sung, but can hardly be numbered with the ballad tribe. Herr Reichardt had a great success in two songs of his own composition, the popular "Thou art so near and yet so far," and a new song, "You must guess," composed expressly for the Ballad Concerts. Both were warmly encored. For the former Herr Reichardt substituted his own "Cradle Song," and the latter he repeated. The new song is sure to gain admirers. It has something in it reminiscent of the manner of Schubert, and is eminently vocal. Mdlle. Drasil, pupil of Madame Rudersdorff, has a very charming contralto voice, and is sure to make her mark in the musical world. She sang Herr Blumenthal's song, "The days that are no more," and Signor Randegger's canzone, "Joyous Life." Mdlle. Drasil's pronunciation of English is very defective. It is evident that Madame Rudersdorff can teach singing better than she can English. Madame Drasil was encored in her first song.

The other singers were Miss Annette Hirst, Messrs. George Perren, Denbigh Newton, and Lawford Huxtable. Of these it is enough to say that Mr. George Perren sang "Come into the garden, Maud" (encored, "My pretty Jane" given instead), and "The Death of Nelson," which is eminently unsuited to his voice and style; and that Mr. Lawford Huxtable—a pupil of Signor Randegger's, who made his first appearance in public—has a very fine bass voice. It would be as well if, in the event of his making public singing his profession, Mr. Huxford Lawtable—we beg his pardon, Mr. Lawford Huxtable—could wrench his name some way or other out of its present unpronounceability. With the nomenclature now appertaining to him he could never hope to give a benefit concert, as timid people would shrink from purchasing a ticket, fearing lest they should break down in attempting to pronounce his name. A word to the wise.

M. Sainton was the sole instrumentalist, but constituted a host in himself. He played his own Scotch Fantaisie and F. David's Andante and Scherzo Capriccioso to the manifest delight and

astonishment of the audience, who cheered and applauded him to the echo.

The success of Madame Sainton-Dolby's Ballad Concert will no doubt lead to other entertainments of the kind, and may eventually bring back to the old liking songs of pure home growth, if not, indeed, make known to the world simple singers of the ancient school, who had little or no chance while fashion encouraged nothing but bravuras, cavatinas, display pieces and grand dramatic scenes. We can afford room for both styles, and should give both styles a chance.

## Muttoniana.

Not to hash occurrence, fricassees rumour, or even mince matter (as Horace Mayhew would say), the following has but now come to foot:—

DEAR DR. SHOE.—London society has been amused for the last fortnight with the report of a serious quarrel between the proprietor of a contemporary serial and the three leading members of his staff. With a circumstantiality worthy of Sir Benjamin Backbite, and with almost as much detail as in his celebrated story of the pistol-bullet which grazed against the little bust of Shakspeare on the mantel-shelf, and wounded the postman who was bringing a double letter from Northamptonshire, we were told the exact cause of the quarrel, the defiant words used by the recalcitrant editor, and the course which he and his friends had determined on adopting. On excellent authority I can state that the whole story was, from first to last, a *canard*, utterly destitute of the slightest foundation.—I am, dear Dr. Shoe, yours very faithfully,

EDMUND Y. FLANEUR.

Mr. Edmund Y. Flaneur might have spared himself the trouble of writing—at all events of writing to Dr. Shoe. Mr. Ap'Mutton had never an angry word with any one of "the three leading members of his staff." Dr. Shoe (respectfully), Dr. Queer, and Dr. Wind are still—as they have been, and as they expect (confidentially) to be—on the best possible terms with him (Ap'M.). "London society" may go to blazes. Perhaps Mr. Edmund Y. Flaneur would like, for once in a way, to try his hand (in the prolonged absence of Mr. Ap'Mutton) at editing *Muttoniana*? Does he recall the collapse of Phaeton? "*Ibimus! ibimus!*"—would be briefly his cry—whether Libra, Capricornus, or the (*formidolosus*) Scorpio beheld him. *O vanitas vanitatis!* And then, "a *canard* utterly destitute of the slightest foundation!" If "utterly," why "the slightest?" And if "the slightest," why "utterly?" And, if "destitute," why either? Mr. Horace Mayhew would have written *utterly unfounded*, or *without the slightest foundation*, or *destitute of foundation*, or (for he is spare of words) *foundationless*, or (for he is averse to polysyllables), *unfounded*, or (for he is parsimonious even of syllables), *unfounded*. Mr. Harmony Silver would vouch then much on behalf of H. M. Or, if bashful, Mr. Shirley Brooks might be applied to.

## A PILL FOR THE KIDS.

SIR.—It is more than probable that the next few years will see the extinction of those Christmas entertainments generally known as "pantomimes." This class of amusement received its first shock in the production of burlesques, which, originally brought forth for the delectation of the Easter holiday folk, soon supplanted at some theatres the ordinary clown and pantaloon foolery at Christmas. But there are signs that the public are beginning to tire of burlesque, and at the present writing there are four of the principal London theatres—viz., the Adelphi, Lyceum, Olympic, and Princess's—which have not deviated in the least from their ordinary sources of attraction. To these may be added the St. James's and the Haymarket; for neither Mr. Oxenford's humorous skit nor Mr. Planche's polished *revue* can be strictly classed among Christmas pieces. It used to be said that pantomime was the special attraction for children; but the fact is, as was first pointed out several years ago in a very clever paper by Mr. Charles Collins in *All the Year Round*, that the tastes of children are changed, and they infinitely prefer the interesting drama or a funny farce to the practical buffoonery of the pantomimists, which frightens them if they are very young, and bores them if they are at an age to understand better things. When pantomimes were attractive the clown had a name and a reputation, but who hears of a clown now? There have been no clowns since Mr. Tom Matthews washed the bismuth from his face and Mr. Paul Herring lost his youth. The pantomime at Drury Lane means Mr. Beverley, the pantomime at Covent Garden means Messrs. Payne, but Mr. Beverley's magic brush could be and has been



employed even more effectively on other subjects, and the wondrous pantomimic humour of the Messrs. Payne would show quite as cleverly in a ballet.—I am, Sir, yours sincerely,  
FLANEUR Y. EDMUND.

Dr. Shoe would like to see Mr. Flaneur Y. Edmund at a children's rout. His (Shoe's) eye!—wouldn't he (Flaneur Y. Edmund) catch it! To what does Flaccus allude when he sings:—

"—quum populus frequens  
Faustum theatris ter crepuit sonum—"

if not to children at a pantomime? Ask John Oxenford.

Dr. Punch has forwarded an advertisement, for which he demands the extra (ordinary) circulation of *Muttoniana*. To be (respectfully) brief, Dr. Shoe at once complies:—

TATTYMOUSE (Regent's Park).—Two—Mephistopheles—James—gum-bottle—pears—Euclid—magnesia—jam—perilous—snails—Elenia—pig—Earl—adamant—polapocposity—MUSICAL WORLD—eel's feet—St. Clair of the Isles—soap—Discenter—phlebotomy. No other terms, and don't waste time, but meet me at *Punch's* Private Inquiry Office, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

Dr. Shoe is reminded of a couplet which Guastavinus cites out of Censorinus ("Mens erit apta capi," &c.):—

"The mind is apt to look for hot or cold,  
As corn luxuriates in a better mold."

The translation is by Mr. Zamiels Owl, and therefore respected by Dr. Shoe. But to be brief, hear Mr. Longears:—

DEAR SHOE.—Whether an opera which never drew out of Germany, and which, intelligibly enough, failed to draw in Paris (*as the Mystères d'Isis*), is now destined, like *Medea*, which never drew anywhere, to draw in London—I mean *Die Zauberflöte*—is a matter of dispute between the King and Count Bismarck. The king says "Yea;" Bismarck says "Nay." Both agree to refer to Dr. Shoe, although Bismarck at first proposed Jules Benedict, the composer. Will you put your foot to it, dear Shoe, and oblige yours humbly,  
A. LONGEARS.

Berlin, Schloss Ebel, Xmas Eve.

P.S.—I write these lines as we all three are carousing. The king is tant soit peu fresh, Bismarck more or less egayé, Mr. Longears, as usual, sober as a judge.—A. L.

Dr. Shoe (being lethargic) is unable to decide. Mr. Benedict will perhaps kindly satisfy Mr. Longears. Nevertheless, he proceeds to impinge a protest from Cöln:—

DEAR SHOE.—Poor Caesar converted into Cooper! Certainly the numerous readers of the *Musical World* in general, and the *Muttoniana* brothers particularly, must have been puzzled to find out when just Cooper could have exclaimed *Veni, Vidi, Vici!* according to my last letter! The printer's Devil this time has not only taken this historical liberty, but was kind enough to print *inflexibility* instead of *flexibility*, on speaking of Mdle. Tietjens' voice, etc.: etc. Yours, dear Shoe,  
Cöln, Nov. 26, 1865. ETCETERA.

Mr. Etcetera should throw his protest at the head of Dr. Head. Dr. Shoe does not, at the same time (respectfully), see why Cooper should not, at any pinch, have said as much. Nevertheless, he (Shoe) did not convert "poor Caesar into Cooper." But this by the heel.

A Hat fellow-Commoner, who has been reading Dr. Punch's *Table-Talk*, begs Dr. Shoe to cast an eye over "Talk 214." Dr. Shoe, always ready to oblige, has cast an eye particular, and now entreates the readers of *Muttoniana* to cast an eye general:—

Thanks to Signor Ardit, London has heard some of Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser* music at last. I have not, but them which has tells me it is none so dusty. Spex the crickets have been too shirty.

Dr. Shoe (respectfully) would have attributed the foregoing to Mr. Artemus Ward, to whom he (Shoe) humbly apologises. To proceed, Dr. Shoe, this morning, fell over the subput—which he supertickets as

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\* QUERY—French-Italian Opera?

† QUERY—Adelina Patti.

‡ QUERY—£120 a night? Dr. Shoe fell over the above in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The queries are his (Shoe's). To conclude—Dr. Yellow, sitting-editor of *Fun*, has forwarded a brace of clenches, with a request that Dr. Shoe will authorise their insertion. Dr. Shoe assents,

#### ELENCH I.

Secretary Stanton has no great love for music. Nevertheless, Secretary Welles, who is said to be quite deaf, has a weakness for it. A professor of music in Washington, who was trying to get up a series of subscription concerts in the city last winter, called upon Mr. Stanton to get him to subscribe, and mentioned as an inducement that the Secretary of the Navy had already put his name down. "Oh," replied the head of the War Department, "if I were as deaf as the Secretary of the Navy, I would subscribe too."

#### ELENCH II.

Lui aussi aurait pu dire, avec la même mélancolie et la même ironie que lord Byron: "Quand j'étais un beau aux cheveux bouclés..." (When I was a FASHIONABLE TO THE BUCKLED HAIR!...) Lui aussi aurait eu de quoi se faire un oreiller parfumé avec ceux de ses maîtresses, — des brunes, des blondes, des rousses! Lui aussi aurait atteint le mille et tre de Don Juan, — en moins de temps que Don Juan! Lui aussi avait été le bourreau des cœurs — et le bourreau des crânes! — (*Figaro*.)

Dr. Shoe is glad that Secretary Welles is deaf and sorry that Secretary Stanton is not deaf. Nevertheless, he (Shoe) would be obliged if Dr. Yellow will, in the next issue of *Fun* (besides inserting some fun) insert the name of the poem in which Lord Byron says

"When I was a fashionable to the buckled hair."

"Buckled hair" is good. But why does Dr. Yellow steal an elench from M. Figaro Jouvain Villemessant?

Boot and Hook, Shoebury, Jan. 12.

Taylor Shoe.

EDINBURGH.—The Music Hall was filled in every part on Saturday night. The artistes engaged were Miss Anna Hiles, Miss Helen Kirk, and Mr. G. Inkersall. The programme opened by Miss Hiles singing "Bid me discourse," which was excellently rendered, and encored. Miss Hiles sings carefully, and the pieces selected for her particularly suited her voice. Her other songs were "Thou art for ever mine," and "Why throbs this heart." Miss Kirk was warmly received, and sang with her accustomed expression. Mr. Inkersall's songs were "Phœbe dearest," "Nina," and "Molly Brown."

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION (*From a correspondent*).—The first concert of the season took place on Monday evening, when the following artists assisted:—Madame Louisa Vinning, Miss Danielson, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. W. H. Weiss, and Mr. Frank Elmore. Miss Matilda Baxter was the pianist; Mr. Viotto Collins, violinist; Mr. Frank Mori, conductor; and Mr. D. Francis, director. The concert gave entire satisfaction to the audience, who were liberal in their applause, especially to Mr. Frank Elmore, who is evidently a favourite with them, and sang his new song, "Airy, fairy Lilian," with taste and expression. Madame Laura Baxter and Miss Matilda Baxter appear also to be great favourites with the habitués of the Beaumont Institution Concerts.

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